duality

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duality

by satsukichan

Summary

du·al·i·ty
d(y)o͞o′aləd ē/
(noun)
1. the quality or condition of being dual.

Notes

A gift/commission for a very dear friend. Warnings for mild body horror, mildly dubious consent, and mildly embarrassing dirty talk.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Houka? Is that you?”

He doesn’t respond, or bother flicking on the light switch. Despite his appearance, he’s far from human, and his eyes flicker gold, then green, then black sclerae, absorbing the room that part of him knows by heart. In the darkness, the tiny scientist frowns. Maybe he senses something wrong, and he’s not entirely incorrect.

“Houka?”

Whoever is responsible for him at least made sure he was dressed when he crawled out of the lab. He doesn’t really understand why, it seems counterproductive, really. And he’s incomplete- a few stray threads still dangle down the back of his neck, but he can wait to find a seam ripper. Right now, his prey is still looking at his silhouette in confusion, the shape familiar but the details fuzzy. Maybe it’d help if he stepped into the light.

It’s obvious his eyes are adjusting to the darkness, because the blond boy only really goes chalk white when *he* steps into a lit strip of the room. Really, it’s all about contrasts, and he smiles like a shark at the sight of the blood draining from his face. Excellent. Beautiful. Perfect.

Even later, he isn’t sure if he actually screamed or not. Either way, he finds it rude. He’s got no intention to hurt, just fascination and a yearning to touch. It’s not immoral to crave skin on skin contact, is it?

The boy flinches away when he crawls in next to him, breath ghosting across the still air. Maybe it’s his eyes, maybe it’s his teeth (oh, what big teeth you have!). Houka makes sure to grin widely, so he can see them all. He hears his pulse stutter in his chest, behind his ribs, all feeble, delicate bones protecting his squishy bits. His skin is soft, so his lips must be soft, but the curls framing his face look softest of all. The dust suspended in space parts when he reaches for them, and the boy winces, as if he’s going to claw him open.

Well, he’s got half a mind to, but first, he’s got business to take care of. His aesthetics can wait.

(And besides, he’d rather feel sweat drip down his limbs than the catch of meat under his nails.)

His hair shines like spun gold when it cascades down his shoulders, and there’s nothing more he wants to do with it than ball it in his fists and pull back. Fingers curl under the black fabric protecting him, and he can smell lifeblood pulsing beneath his skin. Throat pale and gleaming, his figure illuminated by the moonlight that streams in through the windows- he wants to bite, he wants to see blood, crimson dark against his skin white-

Shiro is so, so beautiful.

He is beautiful, and he is *terrified* of him.

“Get away from me, you fucking *monster*,” he hisses through clenched teeth. “You’re not supposed to *be* here.”

Life fibers are supposed to be Shiro’s specialty, but he can tell the scientist is at a loss for once. It’s amusing to him. He likes the way he shivers when he pulls him close, and goosebumps rise up on his skin when he exhales, hot and slow, on his exposed neck. His touch is ice, but the kiss he presses under his chin isn’t, and he can almost hear Shiro trying to make sense of the contrasting temperatures.

If he isn’t being pushed away, it’s because he knows Shiro, and he knows how far he’d go for his research.

“Shiro? I heard you yell and-”

Houka (he’s the *real* one, they say, but it’s like looking in a funhouse mirror) stands in the doorway, the light only serving to illuminate how scrawny he is. How dare they compare him to someone like himself? This hideous bastardization of what he looks like, all paper skin and flushed cheeks where *he’s* ebony night, melding into shadows, cold, calculated, not-quite cruel. Golly, it’s simply *adorable* how he flushes in acknowledgement to what’s occurring. Those same green eyes meet his, and his trail of sight lingers on the leg propped between Shiro’s thighs, to his lips, black as night and curled into a smirk, at his throat.

“... what the fuck is going on here.”

It’s as if they were sculpted figures, made from the same mold but painted the wrong colors. Houka (the *“real”* one, at least) wants to say something else, but he can see the way fear grips at his throat. The words die on his lips, and it’s a pity he didn’t say it (“you’re not me,” but he’s all wrong, he’s the one that’s backwards, too pale. His green eyes don’t glow radioactive) and instead he stands frozen, staring at him from the doorway. The light leaks forward around his frame.

Shiro makes a piteous whining noise. In response, he casually grinds his leg against the growing lump in his pants. They both start at once, Shiro’s voice a half stifled moan, Houka’s a growl that sounds borderline possessive. It’s funny, though. He knows himself well enough to be sure that Houka doesn’t have a single dominant bone in his body.

“So,” he speaks finally, enjoying the heat of Shiro’s erection and the burn of Houka’s gaze “it appears we have ourselves a stalemate.”

“Get away from him,” Houka (B, he’d think of him as B) manages. “Don't you touch him.”

“I’ve got no intention of hurting him,” Houka murmurs, stroking his cheek in a way that could almost be mistaken for a tender caress, if it weren’t for the deliberate way he pushes Shiro’s bangs away from his face (“the better to kiss you, my dear”). His breath stutters. B’s eyes narrow behind their glasses. “I just don’t see why you aren't willing to share. We’re one and the same,” (the words feel fake and hollow in his mouth, but his smirk doesn’t so much as waver) “and really, he doesn’t seem to mind two instead of one.”

B opens his mouth to protest, but the sound is choked off when he (himself, the real one, thank you very much) rolls his hips against Shiro and the blond boy lets out a weak moan.

“We’re all in want of friction, Houka, so won’t you be a dear and help me out?” He relishes the narrowing of his eyes when he brazenly palms Shiro through his pants, tight and in need of touching. “We haven’t got all night.”

B takes a halting step towards him, then another. Fingertips are cool when they trace against his skin, and he catches the wonder, can almost read the words racing through his head when it registers that they’re identical. But better yet, he sees the way B’s pants tent in physiological preparation for what’s to follow.

His mouth opens, hesitantly, and he seizes upon his silent consent, leans into the heat of B’s mouth, two mirror halves meeting at awkward angles, reflected. They shouldn’t be touching, it violates all previously known laws of nature, but he knows what he’d do, how far he’d go- he’s like Shiro that way. For science, of course, but B is him and he is B, and again, he knows himself in that way that only he can know himself.

Only Houka Inumuta would be narcissistic enough to, quite literally, fuck himself.

He tastes like toothpaste, which is a perfectly reasonable thing to taste like, this late at night, but it also compliments his personality, icy gaze slowly melting when Shiro leans in to suck at his throat. B hums into the kiss, pleased. It’s sweet, lingers on the tongue the way B arches back, when Houka pulls him onto his lap. They’re both eager, both willing, and there’s the unspoken agreement that they won’t speak of this later. That suits Houka and his intentions just fine, though.

The bed isn’t meant for three, but he knows himself, and (*they’re? he’s?*) flexible. They’ll make do.

Three bodies collapse in a tangled heap of thinly veiled lust and they’re both on top of him and he momentarily hesitates- which of the two does he want to see naked first? There’s a moment of deliberation before he decides on Shiro, if only for shits and giggles- B’s eyes narrow when Houka reach towards his precious boyfriend. Shiro doesn’t resist, only mirrors his movements. Fingers curl under the hem of his shirt and tug upwards, so his vision is obscured by cotton for a few maddening seconds. The damned thing is discarded carelessly on the floor. Messy, perhaps, but he’s not supposed to be here, anyway. For all they knew, he’d melt when this was all over and done with. Maybe that was for the best.

But for the moment, they’re all seeking heat in each other, and he at least is willing and eager to get the show on the road.

Clothes are unnecessary, and they only serve to slow Houka’s fingers on their path to touch bare skin. B pulls Shiro towards him, possessive towards the end, but Houka catches a fistful of shirt, and buttons pop everywhere. Shiro’s groan of exasperation is undercut by the murmured sweet nothings B whispers against his newly exposed throat, the turtleneck straining away from his neck.

There are so many goddamn layers to get rid off, but Shiro seems happy to get rid of them with them. Houka is impatient, so many shirts to get rid of when he just wants to kiss his chest, trace the outline of the ribs he knows will show through milk white skin with his tongue. B seems to have similar thoughts, because the way he rips away the button-up blocking access to the high necked shirt he wears underneath is anything but gentle.

(The turtleneck follows, quickly. Nobody is in the mood for waiting.)

Perhaps Shiro's gotten tired of being played with. It doesn't surprise him. It isn't at all like him to be this passive, and the novelty of two ying-yang versions of the same lover is wearing thin. In any case, B starts when Shiro's fingers fumble for the front of his shirt. The buttons and clasps come loose, one agonizingly slow restraint at a time. But nobody protests, and when the shirt is shed, the three sit back for a moment to admire their handiwork. Three bare chests on one full sized bed. This'd take some careful maneuvering.

Houka can't wait.

Now it's time for them to play with B, this weak, pale boy that he knows is just another version of him, and glasses glint dangerously at him in the low light. He debates pulling them off, but then the image of this impersonator kneeling before him, his cum dripping off the frames he'd left on pops into his head, and even the possibility of being able to see something as lovely as that is enough to keep his hands away from his face. Instead, he focuses on his imposter's lovely collarbones, jutting out through bone white flesh, and drags his tongue up against his neck. B shivers. It's delightful.

Not to be outdone by the mystery man currently straddling his boyfriend, Shiro takes up post on the other side of B, glaring into the cold emerald of his eyes. He smiles back, but instead of warmth, he offers burning heat. It doesn't matter anyway, B rocks into the palm he's cupped around him (himself, perhaps?) and Shiro's eyes turn to slits. He's not here to be upstaged, clearly.

"*Share*," he hisses. Fingers drag through ice blue hair, mouth stoops to suck, hot and wet and slow at B's neck. So the next step is easy, obvious, and Houka finds his own lips are soft and pliable when they mold against his own. The sharp intake of breath behind him is almost worth the awkwardness behind B's kiss, and hungrily, he pulls away from one to press his mouth against Shiro's. He chokes in surprise.

And he opens his mouth, tongue slipping hesitantly against his at the same time that B moans, because Houka'd be damned if he wasn't squeezing him through his trousers. Enough pressure to keep him aching for his touch, not enough to end this.

Not just yet.

Houka had plans for the two of them.

Shiro is sweet, Shiro is soft, Shiro is reaching for the front of his pants. Perhaps it's payback?

Houka doesn't mind in the slightest. His hands are warm, warmer than B's, at least, and he's already hard. The satisfaction in his gut burns brighter at the flush across his face when his

erection pops free of its restraints, a very real reminder of what they're doing. If there was any doubt that he was corporeal, it's gone now. He knows that at best, he's a wet dream taken physical form, but he'll enjoy himself while he exists to fuck with them.

B's face is flushed at the sight of his clone, hard to the point where he's almost dripping, really, and he takes a quiet pride in knowing he truly is the better looking of the two. Houka casually curls his fingers in his hair and drags him forward, forcing him onto all fours before he looks up, cock bobbing in his face. The confusion on his face is irritating him. B flinches at the finger he pokes in his mouth, nails scratching the soft flesh inside.

"What do you want me to do?" The words are muffled by the fingers in his mouth, but no less perplexing. Houka scowled.

"I thought you were supposed to be clever. Isn't it obvious?"

It hadn't occurred to him how possessive Shiro would be, especially after having lavished him with so much attention, but then there are hands pushing him onto his knees and the familiar sound of a zipper being undone. The same hands tug, none too gently, either, up at his jaw. If it weren't for the death in his glare, he'd even try pushing back, but Shiro's got his cock in one hand and his hair in his other fist.

"So this is the game you wanna play?"

B looks conflicted, eyes flickering back and forth between the two. Maybe he's in need of a demonstration?

"Oi, imposter."

Blue hair, green eyes, chalk white, and his head jerks up when he's called. Maybe this fake isn't so bad at all.

"Since you're clearly too stupid to understand how to blow me-"

The hand on his head is clearly getting impatient. B is flushed, a little wild eyed, watches with something approaching fasciation at what pokes at his face. He's so predictable- the "do I look like that?" rings clear in his expression.

"Just watch and learn."

"H-hey…"

Shiro hisses when he takes him in his mouth. Maybe it was the way his teeth, sharp like broken glass, trail along the length of his cock, with just enough pressure that it hurts. There's a sharp intake of breath from the boy above him, and an accompanying tug at his head.

"Watch your teeth, goddammit," he whispers hoarsely, hand clenching tightly in his hair. "You're doing that on purpose."

Well, it wasn't exactly like Blondie's *wrong*, per se. Still, he pulls back, letting his tongue drag along the underside, before giving him the most obnoxious grin he can muster up. It's

impressive. He knows can be pretty fucking obnoxious when he wants to.

“You still like it, though.”

“Ugh.”

It’s not a no, and any attempts at self-control melt away soon enough. After all, mirror images or not, he’s highly doubtful they’re different enough for their mouths to feel different to Shiro. He’s probably rougher with him than he’d be with… *him*, but whereas B’s got a gag reflex, there are no such limitations on perfection. Life fibers give him that perk.

The groans of the boy are doing something for him. More than just something, he can feel himself, hard, wanting for friction- but there’s no way that he’ll allow something as primal as a quick orgasm while he works.

Nails scratch at his scalp when he pulls him out, but they do nothing but remind him at how good he is at this, for better or worse. Without a doubt, were he to look up, he’d see his eyes glaze over when he licks around his head. Or maybe it’s the kiss he plants on it before letting his mouth graze over him, breathing hot and slow? He’s sure to use the full length of his tongue when he works. To save his jaw the effort, he waits, waits until Shiro’s trembling before putting him back in. The sigh of relief when he starts again is almost like a compliment. In Houka’s few hours of existence, he’s quickly learned those are few and far between.

And the ghost memories he’s half-inherited from B are better in person, so the hitch of his breath when he spills into his mouth is sweeter in practice.

Not too bad, he thinks to himself. *How considerate of him to not eat meat. That’s true love.*

He mentally pauses before furrowing his brow.

How repulsively cloying.

Shiro seems like he’s about to say something, but before he can manage to ruin this victory, Houka lets his mouth drop open. Spit and other, less savory, liquids hang in white strands in his mouth, and there’s a satisfaction that he gleans from how utterly *stupefied* the scientist is at the sight that he knows he’ll take to the grave.

And of course, when he swallows, he makes a show of it, gulps down air loudly, and two sets of eyes lock onto the bob of his adam’s apple when he does.

(*Did he, like him, lack a belly button too?*)

Something moves in the periphery of his vision. B hesitates, hand hovering around his crotch, and oh, look at this sweet summer child and his pretense at not being the world’s biggest fucking bottom. His arousal is obvious, if not by the redness of his ears, then by the tenting of his jeans. And of course, the fascination in his eyes.

So he makes sure to make the loudest slurping noise he can when he pulls his mouth off of Shiro, and grabs at his clone’s hips. B stutters out a weak protest when he pulls down his fly,

but it's nothing like the stuttered moan he lets slip when he closes over his head. If he weren't already hard, it'd be more than enough to get the job done.

Because this is what he's good at, good for, what B's good for, mouth hot and wet and almost sticky, lips that drag over him slowly enough to make him whine. When he looks up, it's his clone's eyes that are half-lidded and his hands curled in the blue hair they both share. Haziness suits his sharp features well.

Really, though. The room fills with the sound of quiet panting when he pulls away, losing a few strands of hair in the process. B groans at the sudden emptiness, but doesn't protest when he stands up, hand carefully pressing down on his head. A little too compliant, perhaps, but there's no doubt that they all just want to get this show on the road.

"Your turn."

Shiro is still too winded from his orgasm to protest to sight of B kneeling between Houka's thighs, but he can feel the disapproval burning into his shoulder when he leans back onto the bed. His copy is curious, eager, if cautious when he pulls him out, but for all intents and purposes (in this respect, at least), they're the same. The smirk curling up at the corner of his mouth is frustrating, but it helps Houka's embarrassment when he chokes on him. Shiro glares at him.

"Watch it."

Tears well at the corner of B's eyes. He brushes one away, smirking.

"It's useful not having a need for stupid things like oxygen, you know."

"Ugh."

There's disgust in Shiro's voice, but there's absolutely no doubt that his eyes are wider than they should be, repulsion fighting desire, gaze fixed very specifically on B. Not that he can blame him. He looks good on his knees.

"This is a good look for you, you know?"

B hums something in reply and winces almost immediately. Perhaps it's the death grip he's got on his hair. More likely, it's the sudden force at the back of his skull.

"You don't have to be a dick about it, y'know," Shiro snaps. "Even for some eldritch horror wannabe, rudeness is never necessarily on the menu."

"You are what you eat, *Iorin*."

"Fuck you," he hissed back.

"Believe me, I will." As he speaks, he casually wipes away a single tear threatening to drip down B's face. "Just as soon as this worthless *slut* swallows."

The piteous whine, muffled by his cock on his tongue, is almost, almost enough to send him over. The dig of Shiro's nails in his shoulder cuts him off, as effectively as a kiss.

"What, gonna tell me that's your line to say?"

The mouth on his was less expected than a closed fist, if he's going to be completely honest. The surprise catches him as he comes, jerking into B's face. The choking noises between his legs are certainly more expected than the tongue probing his mouth.

When Shiro pulls away, the hand on his shoulder pushes him back, as if trying to get the most distance between them possible. His head hits the pillows with little fanfare.

"Well," he deadpans, "Love ya too."

The ceiling is not a particularly interesting one, but he resists the urge to glare at the ceiling fans regardless. Being on his back isn't unusual for B, perhaps, but he isn't B, and his innate desire to watch others fall to pieces is being hampered by Shiro's hands planted firmly on his shoulders. Being pinned into the mattress wasn't on his to-do list for the evening. The contents of that list, however, was glaring into his eyes, and his grip was so tight it almost hurt.

Assuming, of course, if something like him that wasn't supposed to exist could really feel anything resembling pain.

"I," Shiro declares "have had enough of this."

There's a sticky oozing noise, and the gust of air that can only be the noise of something liquid being squeezed out of a half-empty tube. He catches a muted swear as something cold and faintly fruity drips onto his bare thigh, and so he knows when to expect it, circling around his ass.

"You're full of shit, you goddamn space horror. But it's time we stopped fucking around. You came here for a reason, didn't you? Come in here and call Houka a slut like you're one to talk…"

The words are accompanied by the first finger, coated in the lube, and he reflexively arches his back when he curls in. Shiro lets out a sound of amusement. It suits him. With the way the light reflects off the glass at this angle, he almost resembles some sort of sadistic mad doctor. All he's missing is the lab coat and the latex gloves, and there's one of those two crumpled and discarded on the floor. Privately, he decides it's a good look for him.

And who is he kidding, there's more than just a shine in Shiro's eyes that makes him feel dangerous in the way even *he* can't mimic. B stares on in awe at the thinly veiled roleplay their banter reminds him of.

(B is he and he is B, of fucking course he knows what he's thinking-)

"You're predictable, you know that? I've figured out your pattern."

“Oh, have you, now,” Houka mutters, and is rewarded by another finger. He can almost feel his eyes roll back when they both curl into his prostate. The keening noise he lets slip out is almost an invitation at this point, but Shiro is pragmatic, not cruel.

“Yeah. We’ll fuck you until you can’t talk, so we don’t have to hear the utter garbage pouring out of your hole.” His words don’t match up to the rhythm of his fingers, spreading him wider apart, but he doesn’t care. Whoever made him must have loved him, because his cock shows no signs of going soft anytime soon.

“I’m excited,” Houka pants back. “Excited to see how badly someone who experimented on living human subjects- you did do that, if I remember correctly, and scared little teens, to boot- can break me.”

Nothing in response but another curl into his prostate, and hips that buck into the motion. Sheets crumple under fingers curling into the cheap, university-issued fabric.

“Can you go all night?”

A third finger wedges in, as if to shut him up. It works, if only for a few seconds.

“Because I can.”

When he bends over to bite at his neck, he nips at his ear, and Shiro hisses like he’s been burned. It’s not the gentle whisper the part of him that’s B recognizes or knows in any way, shape, form. No, the Shiro who pulls his fingers free and aligns himself by his entrance doesn’t love him. It isn’t kindness that makes Houka’s back arch, dragging his hands down Shiro’s sides, it’s something ugly. Something that he keeps neatly hidden in the place where the part of him capable of murder lies, dark in the shadows, illuminated only by the sterile shine of his surgical lights.

There’s got to be some sort of twisted joke here- Shiro Iori, beautiful, heaven-sent son of man, Bernini’s masterpiece, Botticelli’s Venus, perfect alabaster Adonis, is an angel more in the biblical sense than the one more commonly favored by mid-millenium artists. Carved of marble, when he looks into his eyes, he still has the sense that he’s missing a few dozen.

Ah, well. There’s always room for improvement.

“That’s right, that’s what you’re good for, you monster.” he croons, and alright, maybe he deserves that hand pressed around his throat. It doesn’t stop him from choking out another few words.

“Fuck me like you want me to cry, Iorin, fuck me like you want me to *beg*,” he pants, and any pretense Shiro has of not fucking him into his mattress immediately vanishes.

“Houka,” he urges. “Please, *please* make him *shut the fuck up*.”

B doesn’t hesitate. This imposter is such a fucking joke, only doing as he’s told, and yet it’s not until he’s on his hands and knees that the situation fully occurs to him.

So… demeaning.

(Even though he's not being touched, his cock twitches at the errant thought.)

Forced onto his hands and knees, he slides, a slick little shimmy (*all the better to eat you, my dear*) to better position himself. Ass in the air, the cock in his mouth is familiar, if a little strange, mirrored like this. B doesn't hesitate to curl his fingers into long hair, pulling hard enough that he suspects he's trying to hurt him. It's alright. He's good at opening up his throat to take more of him, even when tears spill from the corner of his eyes. Monstrosity or no, he's surprised that anything coming out of him isn't extraordinarily corrosive.

Well, B seems to still have his face. The inverse of his own, almost unrecognizable if not for the determined glint in his eyes that he's sure he'd recognize, were there a mirror.

Mouth pulled free for a moment, he manages to gasp out, "I'm surprised you don't have a mirror in here. The better to fuck me in front of, you know?"

When Shiro responds, it's breathless and mildly disgusted.

"Houka, put your dick back in his mouth."

B, little puppy that he is, obliges.

The unsteady back and forth of the two of them rocking into him would tire him out, if he weren't what he was. He takes his revenge in little ways- slurps hard and makes B shudder, digs his fingernails into the ass that should rightfully be his, and when he feels B bucking into his mouth, he steels himself, and doesn't choke. Cum spills over his jaw, out of his mouth, down his tongue when he sticks it out to show B the product of his, er, work. He's not sure, but through the haze of stimulation, it almost looks as if B flushes redder, if at all possible.

As if he were done with him so soon. The groan he gets out of him when he drags his tongue up his shaft is worth choking on his cock a thousand times, and it pitches into a whine when he swallows, hollowing his cheeks as he does. Shiro must have noticed, however, because an arm wraps around his neck and pulls him back. Forearm presses into his windpipe, words catch in his throat, but it doesn't matter, not with the way that B pulls a hand away from his own rear and straddles his hips.

With one of them in him and the other one on him, nobody can blame him when he finally comes, the three of them sweating and shaking and halfway collapsed together. He feels Shiro slump against his back as B slumps across his chest, heads leaning against his shoulders. B's sweaty bangs stick to his forehead but clash against his, blue versus bronze, almost perfect complementary colors, and it doesn't feel so bad when he kisses him, lips chapped and tongue wet.

"Kiss me too," Shiro demands, and B does, kisses Shiro, kisses him, and when their eyes close he can't tell the difference, doesn't care to tell the difference, even when their bodies pull apart and they're three separate forms instead of one incestuous mass of flesh and sex. All of his nerves are burnt out. Is this where life fiber's abilities end?

No. Absolutely not.

B lets out a strangled yelp that almost sounds like a cry for assistance when he twists his arms behind his back and presses his teeth against his neck.

“You looked good on my lap, but maybe you’d look better with your face in the floor-”

“I’m spent,” B gasps back, though there’s no mistaking the raspiness in his voice. “You’re not even supposed to exist, where the hell did you come from?”

He’s about to whisper back, something along the lines of ‘your worst nightmare’ and ‘your favorite dreams’, but Shiro cuts him off before he can whisper something that tacky.

“Doesn’t matter. He’s going back.”

Fingers squeeze deep enough into Bs arms to bruise, he can tell by the way he hisses in pain, but maybe he’d finally fucked up bad enough for Shiro to make good on those muttered promises to kill him, whispered and increasingly incoherent between thrusts. Neither Shiro nor B have ever been athletic types, but perhaps he’s winded, because he’s suddenly very fast and there are sharp blades in his hands and he feels a presence behind him.

Something very cold digs deep and completely painless, where, were he flesh and blood, his brain stem would be.

Ah.

Whoever made him hadn’t quite sewn the final stitch, that’s for sure. An emergency out? Realization settles too late, and something like laughter spills from his lips, even as his body follows his basest instinct, to pursue survival. Too many orgasms in a row have weakened his reflexes and he feels him cut

cut him where he’s not quite sewn and he

tears at the seams, quite literally

literally, unraveling-

If there’s a checklist for things that one should never have to see, this is certainly on it. His face peels first, tearing apart like string before his fibers turn to powder. He knows he’s gone with the pressure on his thighs disappear. Houka wishes he weren’t panting so heavily. As the remnants of the life fiber abomination fade into dust, Shiro looks away blankly.

“Shiro? Are you alright?”

“Yeah,” he mumbles, looking down at his bare knees. “I can’t believe-”

“What was that?” Houka (the real one, thank god) asks aloud. “I mean- while incredible, sex with a- well, whatever that thing was- a clone of myself, to boot, was, uh, an experience.”

“You’re the one with a borderline data fetish. Figure it out yourself.”

“You try collecting data when you’re bent over, and then we’ll talk.”

Shiro flushes in response. Still, something feels off about how quiet he is, and something uncomfortably like worry blooms in his stomach. Carefully, he crawls over to where Shiro sits, face obscured by his hair, and sticks his face in the crook of his neck. Shiro barely gives him a grunt in response.

This is unacceptable.

“Shirooooo.”

He feels him twitch underneath when he kisses his neck, but it does nothing to alleviate the rising anxiety he feels bubble under his ribs.

“Are you really okay?”

There is a horrible moment of silence before he groans and let his face drop into his hands.

“I’m fine.”

Houka nuzzles his face deeper into his neck, ignoring the inevitable accusations that maybe he really *does* love him, cool facade or not, and hums off-key into his skin, still salty with sweat. The shoulders of the smaller boy slump under Houka’s weight, but still, he doesn’t speak.

“What’s wrong?”

Shiro hesitates before he lets out a loud groan. “I… may have a confession to make.”

This, this he’s interested in. Shiro grumbles a little when he presses a kiss into his cheek, but his excitement is obvious. “What is it?”

“That… wasn’t exactly an accident. Well, I mean, it was, I just- he wasn’t supposed to-”

Realization dawns on him like a sunrise, and it’s a thing to behold. “*No.*”

“...yes.”

“No fucking way, you didn’t-”

“Yes. Yes, I did.”

They look at each other, Shiro apologetic, Houka elated, for what must be at least a minute, before Houka bursts into peals of laughter. Shiro flushes, brick red in response as he doubles over, cackling at the top of his lungs.

“I can’t believe you- no, I *can* believe you. You’re absolutely ridiculous.”

“Shut it,” Shiro complains. “I wanted to surprise you for your birthday but… I didn’t exactly manage to iron out all the kinks before I could finish him for us.”

“No kidding. I’m nothing like that.” Houka slumps back onto the sheets, still damp with their combined sweat. “That’s a strawman of me if I’ve ever seen one.”

“Maybe I should have made him complain about the local servers, or the shitty internet. Maybe have him bitch about your data more- *oW*-”

The pillow bounces harmlessly off the back of his head, and Houka’s laugh is still a little breathless. The exhaustion shows in how he lets Shiro catch him smiling, with nothing sarcastic in the gesture. It’s rare to see how he’s softened at the edges, but the entire ordeal is worth it, Shiro thinks privately, for this temporary show of warmth.

“You’re so, so in trouble for this.”

“I don’t mind, really, if it’s you.” Shiro let himself fall back into his arms. “Next time, I’ll customize him so he’s indistinguishable.”

“Shiro, I swear- look, I know you’re my boyfriend, but I’ll change all your passwords to ‘petplay’ if you ever, *ever* do something like this again.”

“Harsh.”

“Maybe, but not at all unfitting.”

“Kiss me instead of bitching about my mistakes,” Shiro grumbles. “Biology is a science with many perils. He’s just an experiment that got quite a bit out of hand.”

“And then escaped from the lab to initiate a threesome with his creator and their boyfriend. What the hell kind of data did you input?”

There was a long pause,in which Shiro’s face turned increasingly red under Houka’s stare.

“What is it?”

Shiro coughed.

“My fantasies. And uh, memories.”

Houka stared, completely dumbstruck for almost an entire minute before repeating himself.

“You *what*?”

“You heard me.”

“No way.”

“I’m already embarrassed enough that this escalated as far as it did, don’t make me repeat myself-”

“I absolutely *refuse* to believe that you’re embarrassed. You used state sanctioned funds, from your goddamn grant, as well as state lab equipment and extremely rare life fiber samples, all so you could make a 3d, living, conscious sex doll.”

“Well-”

“Let me repeat- you used alien samples to make a clone of me. From space. And government granted money and time and tools do this. To use in a gay threesome. With your boyfriend.”

“Yes…?”

“And then you input your fucking wet dreams and memories of us having sex? You’re going to tell me you’re embarrassed that it *worked?* No. You’re completely shameless.”

Shiro groans at the increasingly elated expression on Houka’s face.

“Okay, yes, maybe a little-”

“I love it.”

“...what?”

“I love it, and I love you.” Houka grabs Shiro by the shoulders, eyes burning bright. “I love you, you magnificent bastard.”

He blinked.

“I love you too?”

“Of course you do. Anyone willing to spend that much time, money and energy doing something that wildly illegal, immoral and incredibly inadvisable on someone has to love them.”

Houka’s lips were chapped when he finally got that kiss he’d wanted, all this time. But it was brief, worn out as they were from the night’s activities.

“Time to sleep?”

“Yeah.” Shiro flopped over, exhaustion quickly overtaking his limbs. “Goodnight, Houka.”

There’s a pause before he responds.

“Next time, make one of yourself.”

Any retort of Shiro’s is cut off by the kiss he presses to his mouth, and sleep comes quickly in the warmth of his embrace.

End Notes

This is *so* comedically overdue I feel bad for posting it, but here it is, finally, months late. My tumblr account is satsukichan, feel free to ask questions!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!